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Wm. Glenn, Proprietor.

POETRY.

(From Once A Week.)
EL DORADO.

"Comrades, talk you of returning—
Are you so devoid of shame?
But you think of earning
Down those riches, countless fame?
How can I have you left behind you
Pov'ly and nothing more?
Seems bright enough to blind you,
Gleams on the golden shore.

Of Eldorado:
"Turn the helm, and homeward steering,
Let us count the past for naught!
We can well abide the jeering
Which will greet us in the port.
We can tell them that we glory
In our lack of gold,
And can laugh to scorn the story
Of the gems and wealth untold.

In Eldorado:
"Pardon if my words are stinging,
For I know not what I say!
But 'tis hard to see you flinging
All your golden hopes away.
When I know by computation
That a few short leagues of sea
Tear us from our destination!
Give me but three days to be
In Eldorado!

"Ye refuse!—and ye are stronger,
I am, therefore, in your thrall;
Go! I call you friends no longer—
Towards, comrades, are you all!
Faints in heaven! Can that be vapor
Looming in the distant blue?
No! 'tis land—shoot, dance, and caner
S'out and yell, 'tis land in view!"

'Tis Eldorado!
All eyes turn with joyous wonder
To see their leader's fingers point,
And a shout like summer thunder
Shakes the ship in every joint.
To the rescue they rush and labor,
Wild with mingled joy and shame;
And each urges on his neighbor
With the magic in the name.

Of Eldorado:
Like a battle-ship careering
Rounds the good ship through the spray,
And with morning light appearing
Steads into a quiet bay.
Poets' dream of fields Elysian,
Poets' dream of Paradise,
N'er surpassed the glorious vision—
That first view that met their eyes.

Of Eldorado:
Nature on that lonely region
Casts her gifts with lavish hand,
Strange gay birds—rainbow legion—
Make sweet music through the land,
And from tree to tree tripping,
Weave the forests into bowers—
But the pestilence is sleeping,
Cover'd over with the flowers.

Of Eldorado:
Long the rover pass'd in seeking
Gold and gems, but found they none,
Over swamps with fever reeking,
Drenched with rain, and scorched by sun,
Found they nothing—a repayment
For their dangers on the wave,
For their lack of food and raiment?
Yes!—each rover found a grave.

In Eldorado.

Fashionable Women.

Too much is not asserted when we say that it is highly probable the exigencies of fashion destroy more women than the pressure of toil or sorrow. The blind obedience to the behest of fashion which nowadays so largely obtains, works a great deterioration of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental, not to say moral constitution, than the hardships of comparative poverty—experience has proved that the female slave will live to grow old at her task, while she sees two or three generations of her mistress fade and pass away. The poor washerwoman, who has but a few rays of hope to cheer her in her daily labors, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her; and the kitchen maid is strong and healthy when her mistress has to be nursed like a sickly infant. For nearly all the good and valuable purposes of human life, it is a sad truth, that fashion pampered women are almost utterly worthless. Their force of character is small, while they possess still less moral power; of well, and quite as little physical energy. Lying apparently no great purpose in life to attain, necessarily they fail to accomplish any worthy ends.

In fact, to a great extent, these are mere lay figures—dolls—passively consigned to the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed according to the inexorable requirements of fashion, no matter how absurd or injurious the same may be. The fashionable women of these present times, in reality, exist merely. They do not live in the proper acceptance of the latter term; they dress, feed, instruct, bleed or save nobody. They make no proper intellectual exertions, they set no rich examples of virtue and womanly usefulness, for the reason there is a mere negative existence. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all the ministrations pertaining to them. And even when reared, what are these offspring? What do they even amount to but poor, weak actions of the physically deteriorated fashionable stock?

Did any one ever hear of a child of a woman of fashion exhibiting any mark of virtue and power of mind for which it became eminent? Certainly not, for when we read the biographies of our rich and good men, we find that nearly all of them had a fashionable mother; they nearly all sprang from women of healthy mind, who had about as much to do with fashion as they had with the clouds.

THE CONSERVATIVE.

VOL. I.

M'CONNELSVILLE, AUGUST 3, 1866.

NO. 3.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One column one year	\$100.00
Half a column one year	50.00
Quarter column one year	25.00
Special Notices, per line	15.00
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EUROPEAN WAR.

The Arrival of the Scotia.

Napoleon's Armistice Like y to Fa'l.

The Disadvantage of the Austrians at the Battle of Sadova.

[From the letter of Mr. Russell, from the Austrian Headquarters to the London Times.]

To my mind—and be it remembered I have only my eyes to assist me, and have heard little or nothing—the Austrian soldiers fought under a physical disadvantage all day. The Prussians were lightly equipped. The prisoners I saw had only their tunics, and flat caps, although I saw through the glass some battalions with helmets. They were in capital fighting trim.

The Austrians fought in their long flapping great coats saturated with rain. They had on heavy knapacks, canteens, tin, bread bags, and all sorts of implements. Although the Austrian soldier will face any enemy, and die with his face to him, I must say that the needle gun has given him no idea that the Prussians are far better armed, and is therefore superior in the field—in other words, his morale has suffered in the late fights. There are, it is said, 45,000 needle guns in the Austrian arsenal, but the Prussians aver that the needle gun itself is nothing without the ammunition, and that the preparation of powder used to explode the cartridge is a secret known only to themselves, for that it will keep good any length of time, whereas ordinary fuelling compounds rapidly lose their strength under the influence of time and moisture. That may or may not be true, but it is certain that the fire of this weapon is terrible in its swiftness. In the assault against Klum, all the leading officers and men fell as they pushed up the hill. I have been told that a cavalry regiment, breaking into a charge at the distance of six hundred yards, had been so pelted with the hail of these bullets that more than one-third of every squadron in front, horses and men, were down before they could deliver a sabre cut; and the second line, tumbling about over the men and horses of the first squadron were similarly smitten with annihilating fire, and when the regiment withdrew on the flanks in disorder, the plain over which they had advanced was piled with their corpses.

Gen. Gablenz arrived in Vienna last night, and it is thought by some that he ought to succeed Feldzeugmeister Von Benedek, but it is only due to the latter to state that officers and men still cling to him with passionate devotion, and that they still believe in his "tomorrow." "Not yet, my children; wait till tomorrow!" were the words he addressed to his cheering troops, as they were advancing to what they thought an assured victory on the afternoon of the 3d of July. And they will wait still, and trust on, and do it need be, though the worst use to be made of a soldier is to kill him uselessly. There is an irresistible sympathy between the soldier and Benedek, and some men will sooner be beaten under those they love than they will under those they hate.

PRUSSIAN MARCH ON PRAGUE.

The same dispatch says: Gen. Mulde, with 6,000 men, is marching upon Prague, in order to occupy that city.

The Burgomaster of Prague has issued a proclamation urging the inhabitants to be calm, and to meet the Prussians in a friendly spirit.

THE GOVERNOR OF PRAGUE HAS LEFT FOR PILSEN.

The occupation of Prague by the Prussians took place on Sunday, July 8. On the previous evening, Prince Schwarzenberg, Cardinal Archbishop, the Mayor and several of the Common Council of the city went to the advance guard of the Prussians, about two leagues distant, and by Lieut. Colonel Rametz. They were received in a friendly spirit, and informed that Prussia would put a garrison of 8,000 men into the town.

The troops were to march the next day at six o'clock to take possession.

[Correspondence of the London Times.]

NAPOLEON'S PROPOSALS DISREGARDED.

PARIS, July 11, 1866.

The Emperor Napoleon must now feel that, however flattering to national self-esteem, and however lofty the position of arbiter of Europe, it is not exempt from harassing cares and vexations. I cannot say whether he regrets having announced in the Moniteur the cessation of Austria and the acceptance of his mediation by Austria; but I may safely affirm that he was by no means satisfied with the manifestation that immediately followed it. These manifestations on the part of the French population, the banners and oriflammes which floated from every window in Paris and in the great and small towns of the Empire, and the illuminations could not have been more brilliant had France herself just closed a hard fought campaign by a glorious victory. They were, in fact, meant to be unmistakable protestations of an entire people in favor of peace—of a people who were naturally proud that the able

Sovereign who rules them should be thus used, but who too hastily, perhaps, jumped to the conclusion that all was over. The Emperor is disappointed at finding Prussia is resolved to pass the limits which may have been originally assigned to her in her action against Austria. He is disappointed and indignant—at least, if we may judge from appearances, and from what is said in official regions—that the Italians should be so far forgetful of what they owe to him as to disregard his repeated injunctions, and so continue the war by invading a territory which has been given to him—in trust, no doubt, for Italy, but which for the moment belongs to France.

He is annoyed and pained that both should continue to act as if there had been no question of mediation; that Koniggratz should be besieged, and Chialini cross the Po, that neither belligerent will waive for the briefest space his right to carry on operations so long as the armistice is not signed; that the Italians should make a diversion in favor of Prussia by harassing the retreat of the Austrian army; and that both those military councils, with swords by their sides, should deem it better to cut the Gordian knot which he himself would untie by diplomacy. It is true the armistice is not signed, and the French Government has not yet officially declared its acceptance of the gift which Austria has in her extremity offered. If Italy be "the protected" of France, as the French say she is, she does not seem to have much regard for the wishes of her protector. The General who said to have just entered Venetia with his army is the same who, to the discontent of the Emperor, invaded the Papal States, and the Emperor proved his displeasure by recalling his Minister from Turin. The Gazette de France, the persistent adversary of the Italian Government, says it is astonishing that there are still people who are astonished at what it calls this hardihood.

The Italian, by despising the fact of the decision of Venetia to France, only bears in mind that in the history of the annexation effected by Victor Emmanuel in Italy the same contempt of our counsels proved constantly favorable to them. They received our protests, but they kept the territory they annexed in the name of Italian independence.

I alluded yesterday to a rumor which was not entitled to credence—that the Po was not crossed without the cognizance of the Emperor. A paper which is not clerical, and certainly far from anti-Italian, *Le Temps* observes: "The most serious fact is the passage of the Po by General Cialini, notwithstanding the cessation of Venetia to France. It is difficult to believe that the Italians would have taken so decisive a step unless they previously had the assurance that the French Government would not be offended by it."

Prince Napoleon leaves Paris this evening for the headquarters of the King of Italy, on a mission from the Emperor Napoleon relative to the negotiations concerning the armistice. The Prince, who is charged to regulate with King Victor Emmanuel the definitive conditions of that arrangement, is to be accompanied by Baron Sallard, recently sent to Mexico on an important mission.

The Prince proceeds to Verona, and it is him that the Austrian authorities are charged to deliver up the city as the first formality of the cessation made to the Emperor of the French. Two French Generals accompany his Imperial Highness, and Verona, on its surrender to France, will be at once transferred to Italy.

The contingents of the smaller States of North Germany were beginning to take part in the war under Prussian command.

[From the London Times, July 12.]

THE BATTLE OF SADOVA.

Every thing that reaches us confirms the belief that in the battle of Sadova the Austrian army has been nearly ruined as a military force for the present campaign. The bravery of the men shows forth clearly in every narrative. They held their position with obstinacy; they advanced against the deadly fire of the needle gun with all the devotion of the soldier. As long as they preserved a hope of victory, they fought with a spirit worthy of better leaders and a better cause. But even before the great battle, doubt and distrust must have invaded every part of that immense host. They knew what they had been permitted, and that it had not been fulfilled. They knew that they were to have gone to seek the enemy on his own territory, and they saw him actually established on their own.

The system of concealment and mystery, which made the position of the army and the prospects of the campaign a secret to all, but a knot of officers, could not prevent those who used their eyes, and ears, and judgment, from knowing that things were going ill. The secret system concealed facts only from the unintelligent. The enemy finds out what is going on, the more experienced soldiers in the army which is commanded on that system make an induction which is generally correct, and the deficiency of their knowledge only leads them to exaggerate the importance of any evil sign. The advance of the Prussians into Bohemia, their victories over the corps opposed to them, and their junction in spite of all the efforts of the Austrians to prevent it, were destined to the Austrian army in spite of all the precautions of General Benedek, and though they may not have diminished the resistance of the Austrians in the great battle itself, yet when that battle was lost, they completed the over-

throw of the soldier's confidence, in his leaders.

The description of the retreat given by our correspondent has shown our readers that the accounts which the telegraph sent us of this tremendous conflict were not exaggerated. There have been great victories won with a comparatively small loss of life even to the vanquished. An army outnumbered or outnumbered has often abandoned its positions and yielded the fruits of a campaign to the enemy. But the battle of Sadova was won step by step, and the Prussians advanced to victory over thousands of the slain. It is remarkable that the losses of the Austrians are placed higher by those who are among them than by the conquerors. The gaps in the army of Benedek are only fully discerned by those who knew it before it met the enemy.

Our correspondent, writing three days after the battle, when the confusion was beginning to subside, when the men were finding their way back to their regiments, and regiments, or what was left of them, were again being united into brigades and divisions, gives the loss of the beaten army as probably more than two fifths of its whole number. "It may be true," he says, "that eighty thousand men were killed, wounded, taken prisoners, or drowned, and that one hundred and fifty guns were taken, abandoned, or thrown into the river on the retreat." Adding to these losses the number of men who must have thrown away their arms in the retreat, we must doubt whether one hundred thousand effective men were to be found in the army of the North three days after the battle.

The retreat was, indeed, melancholy and disastrous. As at Leipzig, we hear of thousands laden with hundreds swept down the river and overturned with their living cargoes of artillery and horsemen crashing down upon and through the struggling infantry, jamming them in the narrow roads and bustling team over the bridges into the waters. In short, all that was most horrible in warfare was concentrated into this contest. A long struggle, lasting the entire day, the mowing down of whole regiments by the fire of the enemy, the burning of villages, the horrible incidents of a flight through an inundated country, and, finally, the long sufferings of the disorganized march that succeeded, form a combination at which the imagination is shocked and saddened.

It is difficult to bring oneself to believe that such horrors have been enacted in our own time, and in a region so near and so familiar. We had heard and read of such fields of slaughter, but they seemed to belong to an age and state of human character which could never be revived. Nine miles of slaughter, ending with the drowning of a mass of terror-stricken fugitives, is an event which a few years since the wisest would have pronounced impossible in the Europe of to-day.

Unless the course of hostilities be stayed, there is reason to fear that Sadova will not be the last, though it may remain the most deadly, of the Austrian battles. The Prussians are flushed with victory, and they know that the Army of Bohemia, unaided, is in no condition to oppose them. That army must have lost nearly half its guns, and by far the greater part of its military stores. If they have no other loss before them, they may drive it from point to point until they force it to try its fortune in the very suburbs of the capital—perhaps on the fields which the campaign of 1865 made so deplorably famous. But, on the other hand, if the Army of Venetia can be transported to the northern provinces of the Empire, if the reserves which are more or less ready for service can be brought up, there must be new battles; in which it is possible, though hardly probable, that the fortunes of war might change.

The Prussians, therefore, have lost no time in following up their victory. They would probably have displayed even greater ardor in the pursuit had it not been for their own heavy losses, and the want of provisions, from which all armies suffer. It is said the Prussians fought the battle of Sadova without having tasted food since eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the day before, and the Generals were loud in their remonstrances against the Commander-in-Chief. These difficulties, we may assume, still continue. The vitallizing of so enormous an army is a task almost beyond conception, and inefficiency of supplies means slowness of advance. Bohemia has been already, to a great extent, eaten up by the Austrian army, and the progress of the Prussian legions must be measured by their means of subsistence. Their dependence must be on the railway, and we accordingly find them establishing themselves at junctions, and preparing to follow the course of the rail.

Paraditz in the present war has been deemed of more importance than the strongest fortress, and when Prague is seized it will be not so much because it is the capital of Bohemia as because it is the spot where the line from Bavaria meets the line which runs north from Dresden. Supposing, then, the campaign to continue, the object of the Prussians will doubtless be to march along the line of rail to Brunn and Vienna. Their headquarters were, two days since, at Zwettau. After a short repose, the army is being pushed on the army of Prince Frederick Charles, taking the road to Brunn, the Second Army that to Omulitz, and the Army of the Elbe, taking a more westerly route through Igau. As the distance of Zwettau from Venetia is

little more than one hundred miles, it need not be said that the capital of the Empire is in danger. Unless successfully opposed by the Austrians, the enemy might be before Vienna in a week. The Austrians, however, under their new commander, are not likely to give up Vienna without a struggle. If their army be largely reinforced from Venetia, they may fight one or two heavy battles in Moravia, and though the superiority of the Prussians has been too well proved to allow us to doubt of the result, yet we may be certain that the Emperor will defend his hereditary possession with the obstinacy that is characteristic of his House.

[From the Philadelphia Telegraph, July 11.]
A Clerical Scandal Case in Philadelphia—A Clergyman Alleged to be a Thief, Seducer and Adulterer.

The Rev. William D. Siegfried is a gentleman who is not altogether unknown to the public. Those especially who are in the habit of perusing the advertisements of patent medicines and nostrums of all sorts, have often ran across his name at the foot of an eloquent tribute to the marvelous efficacy of sundry universal cures. He has also contrived to keep his name semi-occasionally before the public as the manager of a Home for Wanderers, which was located until of late in the lower portion of the city, but is now removed to some point up the Delaware. A few months ago, Mr. Siegfried was officiating as the pastor of a small but entirely respectable congregation in the northern section of the city. While thus engaged his mind became excited over the wonderful turns in the wheel of fortune which occurred to the benefit of sundry speculators in oil with whom he had some acquaintance. Under the inspiring influence of petroleum the gospel became exceedingly dry in comparison, and his labors in the cause thereof exceedingly lukewarm. Finally he resigned his ministerial charge under the professed plea that he had acquired such a snug little fortune that he no longer enjoyed an easy conscience while serving as a hireling priest; and with the avowed determination of offering his services to some congregation who, by reason of their poverty, were unable to sustain becomingly a minister to their spiritual wants. As to the manner in which the Rev. Mr. Siegfried has carried out this laudable and truly apostolic determination, an incident transpired yesterday afternoon in the office of Alderman Dougherty, throwing considerable light upon it. Mr. Siegfried was brought before the Alderman on a warrant charging him with adultery, and the larceny of \$3,000, under circumstances of a very peculiar but not less shocking character.

The prosecutrix in the case was a young woman with a pleasing face, but possessed of few of the accomplishments of fashionable life. She was represented by William B. Ho-J. Esq. and when put upon her oath deposed to the following state of facts:

She gave her name as Mrs. Byard, and her age as twenty-eight years. Her original residence, and that of her family, of Pomeroy, in the State of Ohio. She had been married once, but death had deprived her of her husband and all others who wear near akin. Leaving Pomeroy, she had proceeded to Pittsburgh where she resided for a time with a brother-in-law, who was steward of a vessel, and therefore absent from his home for a considerable portion of his time. As she was passing along the street one evening she was accosted by a gentleman, who tapped her familiarly upon the shoulder, and proceeded to enter upon a conversation. The lady assured him that she was not accustomed to pick up acquaintances, but the gentleman persisted in his attentions, and finally succeeded in overcoming her scruples so far as to induce her to accompany him to the Concert Hall where the marvelous "Blind Tom" was discoursing his musical strains. After the concert had closed the gentleman, whose name was "Mr. Jones," desired the pleasure of the lady's company to Wheeling and return—a gentleman resident in that city with whom he had sundry dealings in the matter of oil, yet owing him the little sum of \$1,000. Mr. Jones desired to collect this item. It is to be presumed he succeeded in his mission, for on their return from Wheeling the next day he appeared to be in funds, presenting the lady with the magnificent sum of five dollars. The generosity of Mr. Jones did not stop at this point, however. He offered to conduct the lady to Philadelphia, and their provide for her in a permanent and generous manner.

She accepted his kind proposition, and they at once started on their journey. Being a long one, and continuing over night they took a stateroom together in a sleeping car. When the lady had disrobed, the gentleman a discovery which interested him not a little. This proved to be a muslin belt which she had herself constructed, and wore next her person. On inquiring into the contents of the belt, the lady at first thought it best not to make any disclosures but she was finally over-persuaded, and confessed that there was secreted in it no less a sum than \$2,000. She had inherited from her mother, three years before, the sum of \$3,000, and these \$2,000 were the remnants. Mr. Jones inferred from this rapid expenditure that his traveling companion was not a safe person to have the custody of such a large sum of ready cash, and so he benevolently offered to take care of it for her. So the matter was arranged, and in due course of time they reached this city. Becoming anxious about her little fortune, she begged Mr. Jones to return it into her possession. This Mr. Jones declined to do, arguing speciously that he could and would take much better care of it than she herself could, and she finally consented to the arrangement.

The gentleman then procured lodging for her in Race street, visiting her frequently by day, but spending the nights in the bosom of his family elsewhere. He was still known as Mr. Jones and the lady as his cousin. But the latter, on discovering the true character of the house in which she had taken lodgings insisted upon leaving it. A removal to the Continental was the result, but there quarters were too expensive for a lengthy sojourn, and the couple thereafter moved about the city, from one hotel and boarding house to another, until several weeks had elapsed. While at the Continental, however, Mr. Jones was struck by anomalous pang of remorse, declaring to his companion that he was nothing less than a minister of the Gospel, and requesting her to pray with him; and pray together, on bended knees, they did. Subsequently, Mr. Jones conducted his lady friend to his own residence in the northern section of the city, introducing as his wife a Mrs. Siegfried.

The arrangement had been that Mrs. Byard was to act in the capacity of a servant in the family of Mr. Jones, alias the Reverend William D. Siegfried, but she soon found the labor too onerous, and was forced thereby to throw up her situation.

By this act she came to be thrown entirely upon the world, without money for her support, and without the character that was necessary to enable her to earn an honest livelihood. Previous to her acquaintance with Mr. Jones, she stated upon solemn oath that she had never deviated a hair's breadth from the straight and narrow path. During her residence in this city, Mr. Jones has at various times furnished her with money in small amounts, sometimes with the paltry sum of a single dollar. When pressed to pay the two thousand dollars which he had taken into his custody, he had declined for the alleged reason that he had suffered severe losses in the course of his oil speculations, and had, moreover, to suffer from the losses he had sustained by many of his speculators. Thus the case stood on the lady's own showing.

Several witnesses, who are supposed to be cognizant of the most material facts in the case, were subpoenaed, but none of them appeared.

The counsel for the defense, Messrs. John O'Brien and Newton Brown stated that they were ready to make up the issue having, by means of detectives placed upon the track of Mrs. Byard, discovered her antecedents; &c.

The counsel for the prosecution demanded a postponement until Friday afternoon, at four o'clock, which was granted, Mr. Siegfried giving bonds in the sum of three thousand dollars to appear and answer further at that time. Mr. Frederick Sloan became his bondsman for that amount.

RATE AND MEAN.—An English agricultural journal publishes a ludicrous calculation, founded on the theory that there are one rat and ten mice per acre in England. The result thus amounts to 91,116,000, which would consume 182,232 bushels of corn daily, or 4,118,167 quarters and four bushels in the half year, namely, one hundred and eighty-two days and a half; and this would apply 5,831,424 people with a two-penny loaf each daily for six months, or 2,915,712 people daily with a two penny loaf each the year round.